

JOHN

The Capture of Brig. General James J. Archer.

The Lawley Family story in 3 Parts.

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Welcome to JOHN



Busy summer days are behind us. A great trip to Washington, DC, then just some local events made for the busy time for us. Looking forward to a couple of trips, Colorado and New York. Hope you all are doing well and enjoying the warm weather. New Mexico finally got some much needed rain, but thankfully not like some parts of the country. Enjoy this issue as usual.

It is estimated that perhaps over 30,000 books have been written about the Battle of Gettysburg or the Gettysburg campaign. I recently finished one entitled simply Gettysburg, the Last Invasion by Allen C. Guelzo. Excerpts from his work are included in the story about the Third Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, assigned Archer's Brigade and the famous Iron Brigade of the Army of the Potomac. A reconnaissance mission by Archer's Brigade escalated into what would become a fight with the Iron Brigade that was the first major fight at Gettysburg. This engagement was just the beginning of the Battle of Gettysburg that resulted in over 46,000 soldiers killed, wounded, or captured. Hopefully my story will help in the realization that there were heroes on both sides, as Guelzo's book so graphically describes.

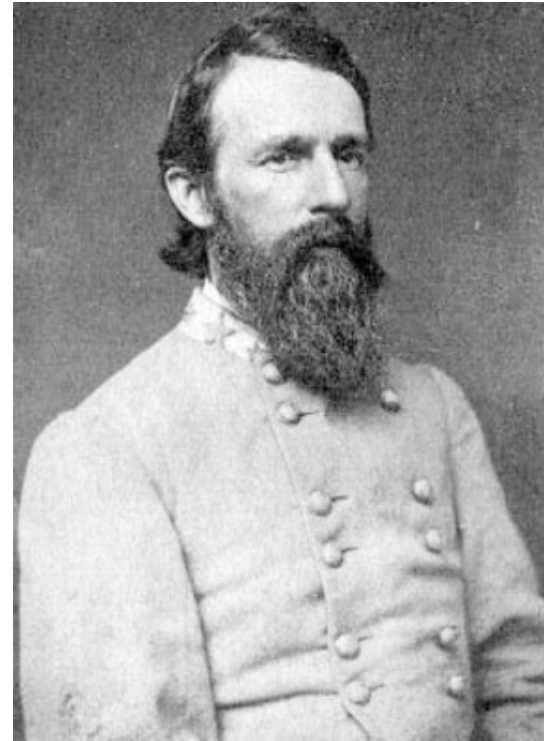
It is not too often that someone comes across a small town story that was both lived and recalled over the years. The Lawley Family story covers almost 40 years of devotion of one father and four sons to the town they lived in and protected. I was lucky enough to have lived in Erie, Colorado during their years as town marshals and I have decided to tell their story in 3 Parts. Part I recalls the life of the patriarch, William D. (Peck) Lawley who first served the town beginning in 1930. Part II will cover Alvin W. Lawley the first son of Peck and the one who was Killed in Action in WWII. Part III covers the three other sons and their service to the town over the years.

JAH

The capture of Brig. General James J. Archer, commander of Archer's Brigade by the Iron Brigade.

July 1st 1863

During the 1863 Gettysburg Campaign, Archer's brigade was part of the division of Major General Henry Heth. General Heth, in the approach to McPherson's ridge and not knowing what may be concealed behind the ridge, he ordered the Archer and Joe Davis brigades to deploy into line of battle along Herr Ridge, Archer to the right of the Cashtown Pike, Davis on the left. The supporting Confederate artillery opened fire on "a squad of cavalry" that could be seen in the distance. As soon as the lines were dressed and skirmishers sent ahead, both brigades would clear McPherson's Ridge and open the road to Gettysburg. Herr Ridge fell away into a shallow ravine and a meandering watercourse known as Willoughby Run. Archer and Davis would sweep down into the ravine, cross the run, and mount the rise to McPherson's Ridge to



drive off the dismounted Union troopers and their artillery. Farmer Herbst's woodlot grew down to the banks of the run, so Archer's men would be briefly advancing blind up the slope of McPherson's Ridge. This would slow Archer's two regiments as they moved forward. But these were regiments with considerable fighting experience, and in no special hurry. They continued to advance, but in a walk with the skirmishers up ahead they were loading and firing as they went.

Yet this advance did not quite play according to script. Even in the racket of artillery and skirmishers trading shots with the dismounted cavalry up ahead, James Archer sensed that something was wrong. In the distance, one of his captains noticed troops in motion that he did not think were cavalry, and Archer sent a message to Heth that his 1200-man brigade was too light to risk so far in advance of support. Heth waved away Archer's uncertainty and ordered him to get his brigade moving. But as the rebels moved forward 200 yards, the firing in the brigade's front suddenly roared to a new volume. Through the trees, Archer's skirmishers could be seen lying down, waiting for the line of battle to come to their relief. Beyond them bobbed the tall black hats of the Iron Brigade's 2nd Wisconsin. Archer's two left regiments, the 7th and 14th Tennessee, let off a volley that hit the Wisconsin regiment full in the face, forcing them to veer slightly to the Tennesseans' left. But before Archer and his men could recover themselves, a new avalanche of black-hats rolled down the ravine onto them. The 7th Wisconsin, coming head-on with fixed bayonets (they had no time to load their weapons). Beside them appeared fellow Westerners of the 19th Indiana and the 24th Michigan. A confused murmur went up along Archer's line: "Thar comes them old black-hats! It's the Army of the Potomac, sure! and We are deceived, 'tis the Army of the Potomac and There are those damned black-hated fellows again! Taint no militia. It's the Army of the Potomac".



In a few minutes, the Indiana and Michigan regiments were curling around the unguarded right flank of Archer's brigade, where the surprised men of the 1st Tennessee and the 12th Alabama tried to pull back across the run. But the Iron Brigade had the momentum, and all along Archer's line, fragments and detachments turned and bolted back toward Herr Ridge. The engagement, which seemed to be raging along the whole of the brigade line, soon eased with the rebel brigade in full retreat.

Brig. General James J. Archer very much exhausted with fatigue, did not believe in losing gracefully. Seeing himself surrounded, he tried to break his "sword in the ground" rather than surrender it to an opposing brother officer, according to the traditional *cursus honorum* of military chivalry. But the beautiful steel-scabbard sword wouldn't break. While Archer stamped and pushed on it, a private in Company C of the 2nd Wisconsin, Patrick Maloney, nudged him to surrender. Archer was not about to turn over his uncooperative sword to a mere ranker. When he spied the captain of Maloney's company, Charles C. Dow, did he stiffly proffer the weapon. But Dow generously refused: "Keep your sword, General, and go to the rear; one sword is all I need on this line."

Archer trudged off, but any mollification he felt at being allowed to keep the sword was destroyed when a brigade staffer, Lt. Dennis Dailey demanded Archer surrender it to him. By the time the disgruntled Archer came in sight of Abner Doubleday, it was all he could do to keep from exploding. Doubleday, who seemed to know Archer going back to the Mexican War, greeted him chirpily, "Good Morning, Archer, how are you? I am glad to see you." "Well," growled Archer, "I am not glad to see you by a damn sight." And off he went to the provost marshal's hastily improvised prisoner pen.

There are two monuments to Archer's Brigade at Gettysburg. One is west of Gettysburg on Meredith Avenue and the second is southwest of town on West Confederate Avenue.

The brigade was commanded by Brigadier General James J. Archer. Archer was captured in the initial fighting with the Union Iron Brigade along Willoughby Run, the first general officer of the Army of Northern Virginia to be captured in the war. Colonel Birkett D. Fry of the 13th Alabama Infantry then took command.

The brigade had been badly hurt in the fighting on July 1st and was left in reserve on the 2nd. But on July 3rd, despite its losses, it was ordered to join Longstreet's Attack, more popularly known as Pickett's Charge.



The Army of the Potomac "Iron Brigade"



The brigade took pride in its designation, "1st Brigade, 1st Division, I Corps", under which it played a prominent role in the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. It repulsed the first Confederate offensive through Herbst's Woods, capturing much of Brig. General James J. Archer's brigade, and Archer himself. The 6th Wisconsin (along with 100 men of the brigade guard) are remembered for their famous charge on an unfinished railroad cut north and west of the town, where they captured the flag of the 2nd Mississippi and took hundreds of Confederate prisoners.

The Iron Brigade, proportionately, suffered the most casualties of any brigade in the Civil War. For example, 61% (1,153 out of 1,885) were casualties at Gettysburg. Similarly, the 2nd Wisconsin, which suffered 77% casualties at Gettysburg, suffered the third highest total throughout the war; it was third behind the 24th Michigan (also an Iron Brigade regiment) as well as the 1st Minnesota in total casualties at Gettysburg. The Michigan regiment lost 397 out of 496 soldiers, an 80% casualty rate. The 1st Minnesota actually suffered the highest casualty percentage of any Union regiment in a single Civil War engagement during the battle of Gettysburg, losing 216 out of 262 men (82%).



Epilogue

After three days of fighting, the Army of the Potomac finally got the upper hand. Pettigrew's division gave way, not in sullen retreat, but in disordered flight. A captain in Fry's brigade could see that the First Tennessee lines had entirely given way. Should there be a try to rally them? No Charley the best these brave fellows can do is to get out of this, so let them get out of this, it's all over.

At the time it seems to not have occurred to anyone, how ironic it was that the Army of Northern Virginia's last hope for a victorious breakthrough expired in bleeding flight from the property of Abraham Bryan, a free black man, a species of humanity which was, by most Confederate understandings, not even supposed to exist. Lee and his men had given "the best we had in the shop" right down to handsome young lieutenants, moving bravely and impossibly to the attack, singing "Dixie" under waving swords and snapping flags. In the end they were not able to achieve a victory.

There was already a faint sense in the minds of the soldiers on Cemetery Ridge, standing in the sun and as the hopes of the Confederacy together sank toward South Mountain, that something unutterably vital had just happened, something to be engraved in bronze books and on pedestals of gray granite, something that would make every man who had been there and survived raise a toast on every anniversary of the battle, something which would make this place a name everyone would recognize without explanation. But the greatest achievement of the great battle would turn out to be its humblest, as well. For Abraham Bryan would return to his twelve acres, and his whitewashed cottage and barn, and he and his family would live there until he sold the property in 1869.

Bryan was one of 170 free black Americans who were living in Gettysburg at the time of Lee's invasion. After learning of the approach of the confederate army, Bryan and the other black Americans left Gettysburg, fearing the Confederates would capture them and send them south into slavery. The modest home pictured here was the home of Abraham Bryan, and his fences were destroyed and his crops trampled as first, Union



soldiers used the area for defensive purposes, and then Confederate soldiers attacked through them trying to overwhelm Union lines. Mr. Bryan's home was riddled with bullets and shell fragments. His home nearly destroyed, Mr. Bryan petitioned the government for \$1,028 in restitution after the battle, and

received \$15.

The Lawley Family - Part I

William D. (Peck) Lawley

by John A. Holley Jr.

Erie, Colorado is situated within the triangle area of Denver, Boulder and Longmont. The 30s, 40s and 50s marked Erie as a mining and farming community. Throughout these decades the town's population really did not change much. There was a slight population surge from 1930 to 1940, which went from 930 to 1019 counted citizens according to the U. S. Census conducted at the time. In the 1950 Census the population showed a drop back to 937.

About midway through the 40s, the main street (Briggs St.) running through Erie was paved with a tar type material. I remember it as a tar material because as we sit on the curb and watched the workers, they encouraged us to handle it and even "chew" on it. This suggestion was quickly put to an end by the mothers that were watching over us. The paving extended the length of Briggs St. to the intersection of Cheesman St. and then on up Cheesman to meet up with the County Line Rd. There was a flashing red light installed at the Briggs/Cheesman intersection and when it worked it served to caution drivers to be careful at the turn.

There was a newspaper, "The Erie Herald" that was published from 1933 to 1949. Many coal mines opened and closed during these decades. Including the Boulder Valley and Clayton mines that were closed in 1943 because of lack of men to do the work because most of the young men were serving in the war. In 1941 prices were frozen on many food items and salaries were frozen too. Rationing started on gas, sugar, coffee, and other food items. Gas was rationed to 4 gallons a week in 1942. In 1943 it was reported by the Greeley Tribune that a Ft. Collins restaurant posted a sign "Use less sugar, stir like hell and don't mind the noise".

One big high school event was that the Erie football team was able to move from six-man team to play eleven-man football. This transition first started in 1948 with the Junior High football team consisting of 7th and 8th graders. They played 4 games the first year, winning two and losing two. (Jean Holloway class of 1954).

Erie was a place where kids were allowed to go anywhere in town and we were safe not only on the streets, but in the houses of so many good people. I have a lot of good memories. I wish my Grandchildren had some of the freedom and experiences we had to remember. (Janice Watkins Wingate class of 1957). This feeling of safety and comfort most of us experienced growing up in Erie leads into the main purpose of this Lawley Family story. Doing research and recalling my own experiences brought me to a startling discovery about the men of the Lawley family who served the town of Erie from the 1930s and well into the 60s.

The first member of the Lawley family to serve as town marshal was William D. (Peck) Lawley who started his service in 1930 and remained active in the town's law enforcement until around 1948. (Note: some historical sources identify this position as Town Constable, so I will use the terms marshal and constable inter-changeable, depending on the sources).

William (Peck) Lawley's career in law enforcement didn't start out as one would expect. When he was 11 years old he broke into a store in Erie and took certain goods. He was caught and his friends becoming alarmed at his ill conduct stated the facts at the trial and Peck was sentenced to the State Industrial School for Boys for a time. It can be noted that during this time, his family was going through some rough times, his father, Robert and mother, Martha had divorced and she quickly remarried to Edward Lewis. The Lawley children stayed together with their mother and new step dad per the 1900 U. S. census.

Leading up to his career in law enforcement, Peck was listed as a teamster in the 1920 U.S. census. He had married Grace Pearl Kershner and two sons were included this census, Alvin Wilferd age 2 and Robert George born on May 26, 1919. The family was living on Briggs St. This place on Briggs Street was on the edge of town and because Peck was becoming well known in Erie, most of the locals knew and referred to it as just the Lawley place. During this time period, one incident of note was that Peck was injured when he tried to stop a runaway team of horses pulling a harrow. He was injured when the harrow ran over him as he stopped the runaway team. His injuries were painful but did not injure him too badly.

Peck turned to farming for a time and was elected as town constable of Erie and begin his service on Aug 1st 1930. In addition to farming and serving as town constable, Peck and Grace were busy raising a growing family, which now consisted of four sons and one daughter. Serving as town constable agreed with him and in 1934 he announced his intention to run for Weld County Sheriff. The Greeley Tribune noted that "Peck" enjoys an enviable reputation in Southwest Weld County as a peace officer and with the support of the United Mine Workers and the Farmers Union, he will be hard to beat. I could not find any record of the 1934 election for the Weld County sheriff's job, but believe that Peck did not win this election.

Over the years, the Erie town marshal's job evolved into a much greater service to the town. One job added to the marshal's duties was to maintain the dirt roads by regular grading and doing other road repairs as needed. In addition to the road chores, the town marshal was required to oversee the operation of the Erie Water plant. Doing safe water tests and repairing the pumps and keeping watch of the main water supply which was the Erie lake, which the town owned along with water rights to make sure that Erie did have a safe water supply. These duties kept the marshal busy and for the most part, law enforcement amounted to patrolling the "beer joints" on the weekends and making sure that any disturbance was quickly subdued. Sometimes this meant that a few citizens could count on having themselves locked in the Erie jail for a "drying out" period. There were several occasions during Peck's tenure that were a little more than dealing with the drunks. The Erie Bank was held up three times with two of the holdups coming within 90 days of each other in 1933. The three bandits were never caught, but Peck was able to describe the bandits and the getaway car from eye witnesses accounts which he then turned over to the Sheriff's Department. The three bank employees that were held at gun point were not harmed and the money lost was covered by insurance. The second robbery netted the holdup men some \$2300.

As noted above, Peck was well respected in Erie. He had a rough look about him and he could be rough at times. This was appreciated in a town that could get a little wild especially on the weekends. I remember him as a "Billy the Kid" kind of person. He wore a vest and his clothes for the most part showed that he was a working farmer in addition to his marshal duties. He always displayed his badge and us kids were always a little scared of him, but I do not remember him as ever being unfriendly toward us.

In 1944 there was a shooting in town. It took place just a couple of houses from the Erie Hotel on Briggs Street. Marshal Lawley was called to the house by a neighbor who was going to visit John A. Stevens. He was found in the bedroom, the victim of an apparent self-inflicted gunshot wound. Peck called the coroner after his initial examination of the scene. After the coroner viewed the body, he quickly called the Weld County Sheriff who worked with Peck to examine the evidence and question Mr. Steven's three sons who all lived close by their dad's residence. The three sons were jailed and questioned separately and their stories matched up so they were fully exonerated. Marshal Lawley's testimony was key at the inquest. The findings of this inquest jury was in conflict with the coroner's jury which had ruled the death a suicide. Since John Stevens was a heavy drinker and was still grieving the loss of his wife several years ago, the three sons chose to believe that their Dad had indeed taken his own life. This opinion was not accepted by John's sister, Harriet Holley who maintained that her brother did not shoot himself and it was an act of someone else. Her opinion was upheld by the inquest jury that relied heavily on marshal Lawley's testimony. Detailed accounts of this case was published in the Greeley Tribune on July 25, 1944. Note of interest, Harriet Holley was my Grandmother and John Stevens was my Great uncle.

William David (Peck) Lawley passed away in 1949 and is buried alongside his wife, Grace who died in 1945. Their final resting place is the Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Erie, Colorado.



The Lawley Family - Part II

William D. (Peck) Lawley Son: Alvin Wilferd Lawley

by John A. Holley Jr.

Alvin Wilferd Lawley was the first son of Peck and Grace Lawley. He was born in Colorado on August 26, 1917. The 1920 census shows Alvin with his parents in Erie, he was listed as 2 years old at the time. In the 1930 census he was still living with his parents on Briggs St. Alvin was married in 1935 to Nora L. and in the 1940 census they were living in Erie, where he was employed as a truck driver. This Alvin and Nora Lawley family had grown by one son and one daughter.

Alvin begin his constable career in Erie in 1942, he had already registered for the WWII draft in 1940. While still the city Marshall, he filled suit for divorce from Nora L. He was mustered into the United States Marines in July of 1944. Alvin was assigned to the First Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force, C/O Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California.

The above information was gleamed from various sources in my research, I was very young and do not recall much about Alvin and his family. I knew where they lived in town and that was about it until an event occurred that stills lives in my memory today. This is a piece I wrote back in 2017 and I respectfully re-submit it in honor of just one fallen hero: Alvin Wilferd Lawley.

Wednesday, 8/14/2017 marks the end of WWII when Japan surrendered. In light of all the news worthy events that happen every day, it will not be surprising that one of the most significant events in US history will pass by much too silent. This makes me realize that those of us who were alive during WWII still owe the present and future generations our experiences as humble that they may be, that if not recalled now will also go silent. As a 1st grader growing up in a very small Colorado town, I knew that there was a war going on. The big white billboard across from the Post Office reminded us daily of those who were serving from our town. People often stopped to look and were always aware of the stars beside the names of wounded and Killed in Action. This sets the stage for my story. When our family heard that Alvin Lawley was killed in action it really hit home. Robert (Bob) Lawley, Alvin's brother was also my Dad's best friend and he was a Marine too. It was a bright summer day when the Marine detachment brought Alvin home to his final resting place. The Marines met with the family and shared what was appropriate regarding Alvin's brave actions. The flag draped casket was taken into the Lawley house as we all stood on the street. This scene will never leave my memory. The Marine detachment showed the highest level of respect for their fallen hero. I recall hearing the last tribute to Alvin as the sound of the 21- gun salute echoed from the cemetery.



Postscript: April-June 1945: Okinawa

"By April 1945, the war in Europe had ended with Allied victory, but the Pacific theater was yet to see its deadliest days. The final land battle of World War II took place a mere 350 miles from the main islands of Japan. The U.S. planned that Okinawa, once captured, would serve as a staging area for an invasion of the main islands. Okinawa saw 82 days of brutal warfare in horrific conditions at places like Kakazu Ridge, Sugar Loaf Hill and Kunishi Ridge. U.S. Marines and Army troops fought a bloody battle of attrition against an enemy concealed in intricate underground defense systems. When the island was finally secured, more than 12,000 U.S. soldiers and Navy personnel were dead or missing and more than 36,000 were wounded. Seventy thousand soldiers of the Japanese 32nd Army died on Okinawa, joined by as many as 100,000 to 150,000 civilians trapped in the crossfire".

<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/general-article/pacific-major-battles/>

The Lawley Family - Part III
William D. (Peck) Lawley Sons:
Robert, Don and William Jr.
by John A. Holley Jr.

Robert George (Bob) Lawley was the second son of Peck and Grace Lawley. Bob (as he became known to all) was born in Erie May 26, 1919. He barely made the 1920 census and shows up in the 1930 census living with his parents and a growing family of four boys and one girl. They lived on Briggs St. in the previously mentioned "Lawley Place".

My research of local newspapers at the time have not revealed any significant events in Bob's early life. The first major event I came across was his marriage to Shirley Summerfield in Erie on April 24, 1938. Bob listed Shirley as his wife and point of contact when he registered for the draft on October 16, 1940. It should be noted here as family history events occur, that fate may play a part. Both Alvin and Bob registered for the draft on the same date (Oct 16, 1940) and both would end up joining the Marines. Alvin was stationed in California and Bob was sent to Paris Island in South Carolina. Their story from here took different directions, Alvin was Killed in Action and Bob came home from Camp Lejeune, North Carolina and he was pretty banged up. Shortly after Alvin's funeral service at the house on Briggs St. we moved into this place. I do not remember just how this came about, we were living farther down on Briggs St close to the Beshears' service station. Living in the Lawley house was quite a treat for this young man. It was only one door from the post office where there was always lots of activity, because in those days there was no home mail delivery in our town so everyone had to come to the Post Office to get their mail. The grocery and drug stores were just across the street and my house was just a short walk down to Coal Creek, where I spent many hours shooting my BB gun and playing around the creek.

Bob Lawley came into my life with quite a start, I came home from school one day and my Mom introduced me to Bob. It was a strange introduction in that Bob was in the top of my bunk bed and he was bandaged up and not at all looking good. Bob came home to his house, but we were living in it. I do not know how all of this came about, but I am sure that my Dad and Bob worked out some arrangement. As it turned out, my mother's care and cooking was just what Bob needed to get back on his feet. But in the meantime, he worked with his Dad as a town marshal. This was in spite of Bob having to wear brace on his left shoulder which held his arm in a rather awkward upright position. This didn't slow him down much. Bob, my dad and I went on several duck hunting outings together. Bob able to shoot and pump his shot gun faster than most shooters could do with two good arms.

My first experience as to what kind of person Bob was happened when the three of us were sneaking up on a pond full of ducks and it was snowing and of course the little guys' gun (me) trigger and pin were all filled with snow. Bob noticed my situation and he stopped us all and cleaned out the trigger assembly for me and handed back the gun with a smile. It was a proud moment that I remember to this day. Bob and I didn't get a duck, but my dad did, he was always a pretty good shot.

Bob's marshal duties became much greater as he relieved his dad, Peck of most of the work. Peck would pass away in 1949 and Bob assumed the full time duties as town marshal. Weekends in Erie tended to get pretty rough as all the miners took the weekend to have a few beers and enjoy the time away from the mines. It often ended up with discussions that led to fights and a few ended up in the Erie jail for an overnight drying out period.

My dad was often called on by Bob to help out on the weekends. My sister and I thought it was a pretty big deal that our dad had a badge was able to go out on the weekends with Bob. Another of Bob's kind acts was when he and dad went over to Longmont to the sporting goods store to get some shells for Bob's gun and of course I tagged along. Much to my surprise, Bob put the largest box of BBs on the counter with his shells. He knew how much I loved to shoot my BB gun and just how tough it was for my parents to afford even one tube of BBs for me. Problem solved thanks to Bob's kindness, I don't think I ever was able to use up all those BBs.



Here are two photos taken about the same time outside of our house. You can see the main drag of Erie in the background. This was Bob Lawley after he was back on his feet without the shoulder brace.



This is of me taken with our cat. You can just see the Post Office building right behind the tree to the right of me. The pull down hat over the ears was standard for me, it was not very often that my mother let me out of the house without wearing it!



Bob living with us came to an end quite suddenly, Bob left one day. I did not know what happened, but I am sure my dad knew what Bob was up too. A few months later, Bob came back to town with a new bride! Hazel Lawley was as southern as anyone could get, Bob must have met her when he was stationed in Carolina. The arrangement we ended up with was quite unusual even for those days. The Holleys and the Lawleys split the house in two! Hazel and Bob lived on one side and we lived on the other. The two major problems with this arrangement was the Lawleys ended up with the kitchen side of the house which meant that my mom had to do all the cooking on a two burner kerosene stove. The other problem was that Hazel cooked the strangest foods (to us at least), grits and such and her grease cooking really filled both sides of the house. Bob and Hazel's son, Alvin was born shortly after and it didn't take long for us to look for other housing.

During the summer months, the town marshal's job became much busier. In addition to grading all the dirt roads in Erie and watching over a few hired hands cleaning out all the gutters especially around the fire hydrants, the major job was maintaining the Erie water system. This system consisted of the town lake, it's settling pond and the filter/ pump house. During the spring runoff, Bob spent a lot of time at the lake to make sure that Erie got the allotted share of the runoff, this meant keeping the ditch cleaned and the intake gates working. The water filtering was critical to make sure the water delivered to the town citizens was ok and safe to drink. Bob had to submit a water sample to the State of Colorado every week. High summer demand and a limited supply of water made this operation a very responsible time for Bob. He called on my dad many times to help out, especially when it came to the operation of the filter plant. Dad was a good mechanic and he knew about the pumps and filtering equipment from his experience in the mines. My first job ever was at the filter plant! Bob asked if I would stand outside and "man" the telephone mounted just outside the front door. This was needed because Bob and dad where going to be working on a major pump overall inside which would take all day and Bob wanted someone close to the telephone in case he got an emergency call from the switchboard in Erie. As it turned out, it was a very cold and windy day; not to worry, I had my pull down hat on and a heavy coat. Best of all, dad or Bob would come out and relieve me from time to time. I don't remember how much pay I received and thankfully only one call came in and it was a non-emergency.

This is just a few of many stories about Bob Lawley. In the late 50s he moved to Lafayette, Colorado with his family and became town marshal there. Found an article in the Louisville Times dated June 16, 1961 where Lafayette Police Chief, Robert Lawley reported that vandalism damage in Lafayette during the first week in June amounted to almost \$1,000. Robert Lawley passed away on May 17, 1968 and was laid to rest in the Lawley family plot at the Mount Pleasant Cemetery outside of Erie, Colorado.

Bob's wife, Hazel continued on with her volunteer work in with the Boulder Valley School District for over 50 years. Hazel passed away on April 12, 2009 at the age of 97. She is also buried at the Mount Pleasant cemetery. Alvin Lawley the son of Bob and Hazel, who I only knew as a toddler served in Vietnam as a member of the Air Force. He died on July 14, 1995 and is buried at the Fort Logan Veterans cemetery in Denver, Colorado.

Donald Eugene Lawley was the third son of Peck and Grace Lawley. He was born on September 14, 1926 and was raised with the rest of the family in Erie, Colorado. Don was also a Marine and his service lasted from December 1944 until January 1946. He returned to Erie and began his service as the Erie town constable. During this time, an event that I was part of still rings in my memory. Sundays in Erie tended to be rather quiet because all the taverns closed at 8 pm because of the State liquor Blue Law in effect at that time.

One Sunday, Don and his wife invited us over for a Sunday dinner, this was after Don and my dad would do their usual Sunday afternoon visit to the bars in town to make sure things would indeed settle down and there would be no worry about the 8 pm closing at any place. Sunday afternoons were always a good time to have a band playing and some dancing in a more relaxed manner compared to Friday/Saturday nights. But that was not to say that Sundays couldn't sometimes get as rough as the other two nights. Constable Don always tried to stay on top of things before they got out of hand. On this particular Sunday, Don's wife, Barbara was busy preparing the Sunday dinner while she and my mother had a nice visit and all of the kids played. Don and my dad were expected to make the rounds and come back for dinner, as time wore on with them still not present, Barbara became more irritated and stood over the stove and stirred like crazy. When Don and my dad did show up, I quickly went to sit on my dad's lap at the kitchen table and Don sat on the other side. Barbara proceeded to vocally dress down the two men for being so late, all the time standing with her back to them over the stove with some pan lid banging for emphasis. Don didn't say anything he just pulled out his service revolver and fired two shots into the chimney above her head! It was a good thing I was on my dad's lap because it took us all a few minutes to recover and of course there were a few tears. Needless to say the dinner came off fine, but it was a very quiet meal.

Don was the most combative of the four Lawley brothers, he stood his ground on many occasions, I remember a couple of years later, my dad woke me up one morning to show me a photo in the Rocky Mountain News paper of Don knocking down another man at a union meeting. What an action shot, Don must have hit him pretty hard because the man was not going down gracefully.

Don became very active as an officer in the United Mine Worker of America union. This part of his career was after he moved to Arkansas. He ended up working for the UMWA for over 35 years. It is interesting to note that he was invited and attended a dinner given by President Gerald Ford in 1975. This dinner was for coal-related industries and was held at the White House. Don was a representative of the UMWA.

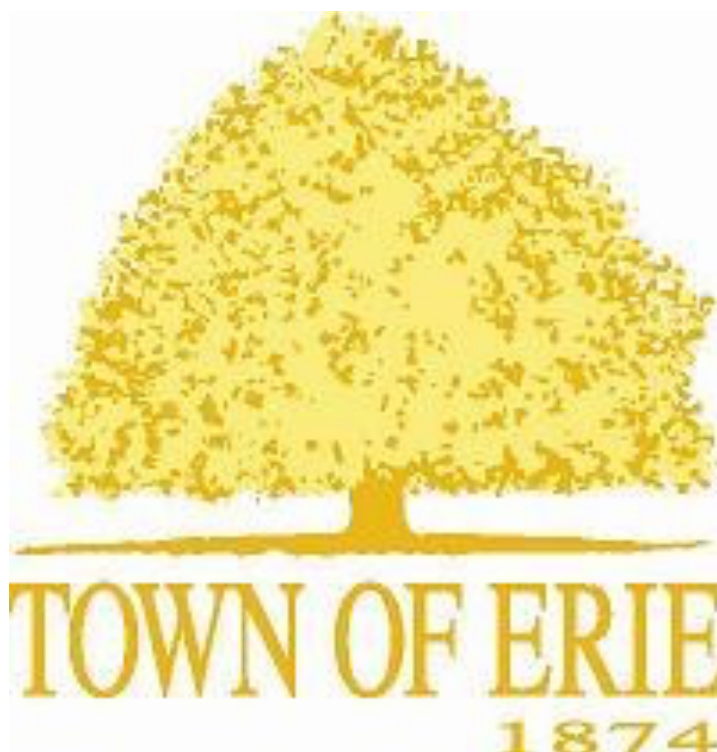
I was surprised to find that Don ended his career on the coal companies' side after a long career as a union representative, fighting for miner's wages, safety, & pensions. Here is an article from 1982 describing his position on his late in life switch to the other side: "On one side of a bitter 11-month stalemate there are 160 striking members of the United Mine Workers of America. On the other side is a coal company whose uncompromising chief negotiator is about to draw his pension - from the coal union. Until less than three years ago Don Lawley, a 35-year member of the union, represented the Oklahoma-Arkansas coal fields on the United Mine Workers' executive board. Then he was hired as director of labor management relations for the Garland Coal and Mining Company, a strip mine operator.

"I've got to make a living," he said. Mr. Lawley, 55 years old, said in an interview in his office at the company's headquarters in nearby Fort Smith, Ark., that his employer would not sign the three-year contract that most unionized coal operators agreed to last June, ending a 72-day national strike. Vote to Decertify Possible".

Donald Eugene Lawley passed away on April 13, 1998 and is buried in the Fort Smith National cemetery in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

William (Bill) David Lawley Jr. was the fourth son of Peck and Grace Lawley. William Jr. was born in Erie, Colorado on December 5 1927. He registered for the WWII Draft on June 30, 1942, he was 19 years old at the time. No service records were found for William Jr. In his early years, Bill worked in the mines and about 1957 he also became the Erie Town Marshal and served through most of the 1960s in this capacity. I knew Bill as the marshal, but do not have any person stories to recall. I moved from Erie in 1957 so I will have to respectfully rely on others to tell of their experiences about William Jr. and his time as Erie town marshal. William Jr. Bill Lawley passed away on April 7, 1997 and he is buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Longmont, Colorado. There is no question that he continued the long line of law enforcement in Erie provided by the Lawley family.

Doing my research on the Lawley family and recalling some of my personal experiences quickly turned into a renewed respect for these men who most of the time calmly went about the business of keeping the citizens of Erie safe. Not to mention the grading of the roads, the care of the Erie Water System and anything else they were asked to do as town marshals. JAH



FRESH FLOWERS



The fact that some geniuses were laughed at does not imply that all who are laughed at are geniuses. They laughed at Columbus, they laughed at Fulton, they laughed at the Wright Brothers. But they also laughed at Bozo the Clown.

Carl Sagen